

Misadventures: Jekyll And Hyde

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Summary: Henry Jekyll and Edward Hyde's misadventures. (First fanfiction story ever) not sure where I want the story to go, but enjoy so far!

Misadventures: Jekyll And Hyde

Disclaimer: I don't own characters used

Note: This is my first story I've ever written of fanfiction, so please don't be too judgemental. This story is about Dr Henry Jekyll and Mr Edward Hyde (I'm completely obsessed with them) I imagine Henry to be lean and slightly curvey, not too tall with light brown hair (with a sort of mop-top style but more combed) and hazel eyes, while I imagine Edward to be tall, stronger than Henry, with shoulder length black hair and green eyes

Henry Jekyll worked obsessively at his desk, shuffling documents while analysing his patient's mental conditions. All the while eyeing the vibrant green potion that had created Hyde- that monster, his darker side. Like a shadow, cold hands slammed the doctor down into his chair while tearing the papers out of his hand, carelessly throwing them onto the table.

"Hyde." muttered Henry, uncomfortably shuffling in his seat, his brain quickly working for an escape plan. "Evening Jekyll, miss me?" Edward smiled in his snake-like way, watching his 'pet' squirm under his strong grip. "Well?" the hissing voice came from behind Jekyll "Not particularly" Henry replied folding his arms, a hint of confidence in his tone. But the doctor knew better than to annoy Edward, he still had the marks from last time...

Hyde's grip tightened on Jekyll's shoulder, his other arm around Henry's wrist, pinning him down to the chair's armrest. "W-what do you want, Edward" Henry desperately tried to keep the confidence in his voice in hopes of keeping this creature away, Edward only stroked his soft hair in reply. "Edward wha-" "Shh kitten" Edward interrupted

"Your hairs gotten softer, I like it." Henry may or may not have whimpered.

-Henry's P.O.V-

He didn't whimper. He absolutely did not whimper! He wasn't some kind of low-life coward, and he was not scared of Edward.

-Edward's P.O.V-

Was that a whimper? Yes, yes it was. A familiar smile curled its way across his face, nothing pleased him more than seeing his pet weak and small. What would he do with his pet next? He'd been away for a week, and was extremely bored, but kept his cool on around others. Perhaps he could use Henry as a canvas and use his favourite 'red paint' (blood) to ruin yet another one of Henry's shirts. Yes, that did sound good, and it would definitely put Henry back in his place. He had heard that little bit of confidence in Henry's voice earlier, and he didn't like it.

-Normal P.O.V-

Jekyll was hastily pulled up from his chair by the hair and shirt collar, though he was puzzled as to why. Struggling, Henry frantically twisted to get free of the ever-tightening grip of Edward, that was before the cold hands closed around Henry's neck. The doctor knew, from his past 'training' that whenever Edward gripped his neck, he had gone too far. But if Henry stopped now he could escape with little punishment, or whatever cruel game Edward has concocted in his dark mind. Dragging Henry to the wall, Edward pinned his pet to the wall "I heard a little..." Edward ran a finger up Henry's side "too much confidence in your voice today, pet. Did you forget who's in charge?" Henry gulped, he wouldn't shiver, he wouldn't. "It was only a little bit..." another mutter. "Damn" Henry thought, he should have just apologised and this would be over. But no, stupid stupid stupid!

End
file.